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THE Tragedie of King Richard the Se- cond:

*With new additions of the Parliament Sceane,
and the deposing of King
Richard.*

As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges
Maiesties seruants, at the Globe.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



At LONDON,

Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold
at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Foxe.

1615.

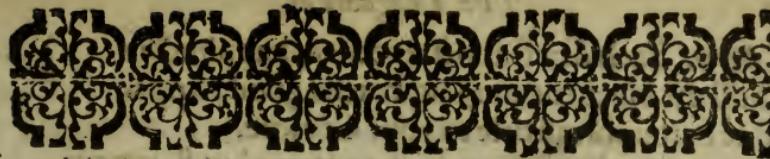
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The Siege of Rind

149. 989

May, 1873





Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.



I de Iohn of Gaunt, time honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son,
Hereto make good the boistrous late appeal
Which then our leisure wold not let vs here,
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Tho: Mor.

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On souer apparent danger seene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare
The accuser, and the accused freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastic as fire.

Enter Bullingbroke, and Monbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege,

The Tragedie of

Mow. Each day still better others happiness,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Addē in immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?

Bul. First (heauen be the record to my speech)
In the deuotion of a Subiects loue,
Tending the precious safetys of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this Princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The vglie seemeth the clouds that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name stiffe I thy throate,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawnesword may proue.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbs me,
From giuing reynes and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd
These tearmes of treason doubled downe his throat,
Setting aside his high bloods roialty:
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege.

Richard the Second.

I doe defie him, and spit at him; ~~wher wher he goeth~~
Call him a slanderous Coward and a Villaine;
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods;
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer English man durst set his foote.
Meantime, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kinred of a king,
And lay aside my high bloods royaltie;
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except,
If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine honors pawne, then stoope:
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoke, or what thou canst devise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that Sword I Sweare,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answere thee in any faire degree:
Or chivalrous designe of Knightly triall.
And when I mount aliuie, aliuie may I not light,
If I be traitour, or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Coosin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiud eight thousand Nobles,
In name of lendings, for your Highnesse Souldiours:
The which he hath detainid for leawd imployments,
Like a false Traitor and iniurious Villaine.
Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or heere, or else where, to the furthest Verge,
That euer was surveyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these Eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from false Mowbray, their first head and spring:

The Tragedie of

Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood.
Which blood, like sacrificing Abels, cries,
Euen from the tonguelesse Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolusion soares :
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this ?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so soule alyer.

King. Mowbray, in impartiall are our eyes and eares ;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour heerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule :
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest :
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiers ;
The other part reseru'd I, by consent,
For that my Soiernaigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene :
Now swallow downe that lie. For Gloucesters death :
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case :
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable Father to my soe,
Once did I lay an ambushi for your life ;
A trespass that doth vexe my grieued soule ;
Ah, but ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault ; as for the rest appeald,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening Traitors foote,
To prooue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the best blood chambred in your bosome :
In hast whereof, most hartily I pray
Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,
Lets pvrgethis choler without letting bloud,
This we prescribe, though no Phisition :
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision :
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, this is no month to bledde :
Good Vnkle, let this end where it begunne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make peace, shall become my age :
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolks gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when? obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe ?

King. Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame :
The one my dutie owes ; but my faire name,
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke Dishonors vse, thou shalt not haue :
I am disgraft, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with slauders venomid speare,
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which

The Tragedie of Richard

Which breathd this poysone?

King. Rage must be withit food :
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spors; take buring shame
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord: I haue
The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clay:
A iewell in a tennetimis bard vp Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coosin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.

Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinnes;
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darde daftard? Ere my tonge
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so baec a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life shall answere it)
At Conentre vpon Saint Lambards day:
There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot attrone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chualtrie,
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home all armes:

Exit.

Enter John of Gaunt, with the Dutchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,
Doth now solicite me; then your exclaimes,

To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those handes,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put wee our quarrell to the will of heauen ;
Who when they see the hower's ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

Dutchesse. Finds Brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire ?

Edwards seauen Sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,
Were seauen Viols of his sacred blood,
Or seauen faire branches springing from one roote :
Some of those seauen are dried by Natures course ;
Some of those Branches by the Destinies cut :
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing Branch of his most Royall roote
Is cract, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his Summer leaues all faded
By *Envies* hand, and Murders bloodie axe.

Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe mould that fashioned thee,
Made him a man : and though thou liuest and breathest,
Yet art thou slaine in him ; thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life :
Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Dispaire,
In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughtred ;
Thou shewest the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee :
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breastes.
What shall I say ? to safegard thine owne life,
The best way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.

Gaunt. Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,
His deputie annoyncted in his sight,
Hath causd his death ; the which if wrongfully,
Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

The Tragedie of

An angrie arme against his minister.

Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old Gaunt,

Thou goest to Couentrie, there to behold

Our Coosin Herford and tell Mowbray fight.

O set my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,

That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breast.

Or if misfortune misse the first catrier,

Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his besome,

That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

A Caytiffe recreant to my Coosin Herford.

Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes Brothers wife,

With her companion, grieve must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:

As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Dutch. Yet one word more; grieve boundeth where it falleth

Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:

I take my leaue before I haue begunne,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke;

Loe this is all; nay yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,

I shall remember more: Bidd him, ah what?

With all good speed at Plashie visite me.

Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,

But emptie Lodgings and vnfurishit walles,

Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;

And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow, that dwels euery where;

Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:

The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Herford arm'd?

Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

Richard the Second.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesties approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles : when
they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.

King. Marshall, demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriuall heere in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou commest thus Knightly clad in armes ?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knight-hood, and thy oath,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither comeingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine armes,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traytor to my God, my King, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford
appellant in armour.

King. Marshall, aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habitiments of Warre,
And formerly, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, & wherfore comst thou hither
Before King Richard in his Royall lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrell ?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen,

The Tragedie of

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Am I, who readie heare do stand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on Thomas Monbray Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of Heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no person be so bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshall and such officers
Appointed to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Monbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.

Mar. The appellant in all dutie greets your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

King. We will descend and folde him in our armes.
Cousin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell my blood, which is to day thou shaldest
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Bul. O let no Noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorged with Monbrayes speare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Monbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cousin) Lord Anmerle,
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English feasts so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie aboue my head.

Richard the Second.

Addē prooſe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings Steele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauour of his Sonne.

Gaunt. God, in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
Rowse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards thronē,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman :
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of Bondage, and embrase
His Golden vncontroled Enfranchisement.
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie.
Most mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my youth the wish of happy yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to iest,
Go I to fight, trut hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valor couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Marshall, and beginne.

Mar. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie,
Receite thy Launce, and God defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a Tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mar. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie,
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him.
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

Hrr. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolke,

The Tragedie of

On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Couragiouly, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin.

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their Helmers, & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.
Draw neare and list.
What with our Counfell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyl'd
With that deare blood which it hath beene fostered;
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours sword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride,
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie set on you,
Towake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzd vp with boystrous vntuned drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shooke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade eu'en in our kindreds blood.
Therefore we banish you our territories.
You Coosin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice ffe Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire Dominions,
But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bn. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, shall shaine on me,
And those his golden beames vnto you heere leant,
Shall point on me, and guild my banishment.

King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,

Which

Richard the Second.

Which I with some ynwillingnesse pronounce,
The slie slow howres shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deare exile:
The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your highnesse mouth,
A dearer merit, not so deepe a mayme,
As to be cast foorth in the common ayre,
Hauē I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
The language I haue learnd these fortie yeare,
My natuе English now I must forgoe,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more
Than an vnstringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie:
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vufeling barren ignorance
Is made my Layler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vppon a Nurse,
To farre in yeares to be a Pupill now:
What is thy sentence but speachlesse death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natuе breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, playning comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries lights,
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall Sword your banisht hands.
Sweare by the dutie that y' owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the oath that we administer:
You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write; regrete, nor reconcile.

The Tragedie of

This louing tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
To plotte, contrive, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so fare as to mine enemie:

By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this fraile Sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land.
Confesse thy treasons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou hast farre to goe, beare not along
The closing burthen of a guiltie Soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were Traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen banisht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rew:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Sauve backe to England, all the world's my way.

King. Vnkle, even in the glasse of thine eies,
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeares
Pluckt foure away, sixe frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lies in otte little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in one word; such is the breath of Kings.

Gau. I thank my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He shortens foureyearcs of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed Lampe, and tyme bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endlesse night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my Tonke.

King.

Richard the Second.

King. Why Vnkle, thou hast many yeares to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst giue.

Shorten my daies thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy Sonne is banisht with good aduise,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our Iustice seemest thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweet to tast, prooue in digestion sowre.
You vrge me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall slander sought I to auoyde,
And in the sentence my owne life destroyde.
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leauue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coosen farewell, and Vnkle bid him so;
Sixe yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Au. Coosin farewell; what presence must not know
From where you doe remaine, let Paper shew.

Mar. My Lord no leauue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leauue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grieve is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. I oy absent, grieve is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is sixe Winters? they are quickly gone.

Bul. To men in ioy, but grieve makes one howre ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure!

The Tragedie of

Bul. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy wearie steps
Esteeme a soyle wherein thou art to set,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Nay rather euery tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Must I not serue a long apprenticeship
To forren passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journey-man to grieve?

Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen visites,
Are to a wise man ports and happy hauenens.
Teach thy necessitie to reason thus.
There is no vertue like necessitie :
Thinke not the King did banish thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne :
Go, say I sent thee foorth to purchase honour,
And not the King exilde thee ; or suppose
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime :
Looke what thy soule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comest :
Suppose the singing birds Musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightfull measure, or a daunce,
For gnarling sorrow hath leise power to bite
The man that mockes at it and sets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold afer in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summers heat ?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Giue but the greater feeling to the worse :
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lancheth not the soare.

Gaunt. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cause, I would nor stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweet soile adiew,
My Mother and my Nurse that beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banisht yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c. at one dore, and the
Lord Aumerle at the other.*

King. Wee did obserue, Cooisin Humerle,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

King. And say, what store of parting teares were shud ?

Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awakt the sleepie rewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King. What said your Coosin when you parted with him

An. Farewell, & for my heart disdained that my tongue
should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppression of such griefe,
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue :
Marry would the word farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewels :
But since it would not, he had none of me.

King. He is our Coosins Coosin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our selfe and Bushie,
Obserued his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curtesie,
With reuerence he did throw away on flaues,

The Tragedie of

Wooing poore Craftsmen with the craft of Smiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made (my Liege)
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

King. We will our selfe in person to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne somewhat light ;
Wee are inforst to farme our Royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof shall furnishvs :
For our affaires in hand, if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushie with newes.

Bush. Old John of *Gaunt* is grieuous sicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post hast
To intreate your Maiestie to visite him.

King. Where lies he ?

Bush. At *Elye* house.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phisitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately :
The lyning of his Coffers shall make coates,
To decke our Souldiers for these *Irish* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe visite him,
Pray God we may make hast, and come too late :

Amen.

Excunt.

Enter

Enter John of Gaunt sick, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my last,
In holsome counsell to his vnstayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men,
In force attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are scarce, they are sieldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listened more
Then they whom youth and ease hath taught to glose.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:
The setting Sunne, and Musick at the glose,
As the last tast of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past.
Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,
As prayses of his state: then there are found
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies listen:
Report of fashions in proud *Italie*,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust foorth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard,
Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard.
Direct not him whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath thou wilt looke.

Gaunt. Mee thinks I am a Prophet new inspired,
And thus expiring, doe foretell of him;
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
Small showers last long, but sodaine stormes are short:
Hertires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes,

The Tragedie of

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitic, infatiate cormorant.
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe :
This Royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This oter Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretresse built by Nature for herselfe,
Against infection, and the hand of VWarre ;
This happy breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Siluer Sea,
Which serueues it in the office of a Wall,
Oras a Moate defensiuе to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands :
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wonib of Royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For Christian seruice and true chivalrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worlds Ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne :
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deareland ;
Deare for her reputation throughtheworld,
Is now leaced out (Idie pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement and Pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the eniuous siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That Englad that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe :
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death ;
Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Uncle Lancaster ?

King. What comfort man ? how ist with aged Gaunt ?

Gaunt

Richard the Second.

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old ;
Within me grieve hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not *gaunt*?
For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht ;
Watching breedes leanenesse, leanenesse is all *gaunt* ;
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,
Is my strickt fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein, fasting hast thou made me *gaunt*.
Gaunt am I for the graue, *gaunt* as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites nought bnt bones.

King. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe,
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

King. Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou dieit, though I the sicker be.

King. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land;
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sickle,
And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee ;
A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet enraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land :
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his Sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From foorth thy reach he would haue layd thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe.
Why Coosin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by Lease.

The Tragedie of

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy state of law is bond-slaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With furie from his natuе residence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maiestie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:
My Brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words heereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and sullennes haue,
For both hast thou; and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicknesse and age in him:
Heloues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As Harry Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you say true; as *Herford* loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

North.

North. My Liege, old Gaunt commends him to your King. What sayes hee? (Majestic.

North. Nothing, all is sayd;

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Yorke. Be Yorke the next that must be banckrout so,
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King. The ripest Fruite first falles and so doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our Irish Warres:

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,

Which liue like venome, where no venome else

But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.

And for these great affayres do aske some charge.

Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,

The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables

Whereof our Vnkle Gaunt did stand possest.

Yorke. How long shall I be patient? Ah how long

Shall tender duetic make me suffer wrong?

Not Glocesters death, nor Herfords banishment,

Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,

Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke

About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,

Haue euer made me sower my patient cheeke,

Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:

I am the last of the noble Edwards Sonnes,

Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first.

In Waffe, was neuer Lion rage more fierce:

In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde

Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:

His face thou hast, for euer so lookt he,

Accomplisht with a number of thy houres,

But when he frowned, it was against the French,

And not against his Friendes: his noble hand

Did winne what he did spend; and spent not that

Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:

His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

The Tragedie of

Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with grieve,
Or else he never would compare betwenee.

King. Why Vnkle, what's the matter?

Yorke. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleasd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banisht Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take Herfords right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.

Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will ensue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their events can never fall out good.

Exit.

King. Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repayre to vs to Ehe house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and tis time I trow,
And wee create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnkle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwaies loued vs well;

Come

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queen. Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

North. Richly in both, if Justice had her right.

Rosse. My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speak more,
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

Willough. Tend'st that thou wouldest speake, to the D. of
If it be so, out with it boldly man, (Herford)
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Rosse. No good at all, that I can doe for him:

Vnlesse you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

North. Now afore God t'is shame such wrongs are borne
In him a Royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land :
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuised,
As Blancks, Benevolences, and I wot not what.

North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?

Willo. Warres hath not Wasted it; for Warr'd he hath not,
But basely yeilded vpon compromise,
That which his Noble Auncestors atchieud with blowes :
More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.

Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farne.

Wil. The King's growne banckrout like a broken man.

The Tragedie of

North. Reproach and desolution hangeth ouer him.

Rosse. He hath not Money for these *Irish Warres*,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King :
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus : I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That Harry Duke of *Herford*, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His Brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norberie, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines.
All these wellfurnished by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay.

The first departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeine from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe of the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Majestic looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to *Rauenspurgh*:

But

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot,

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauiness,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe.
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete *Richard*: yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward Soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes.
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrows eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious *Queene*)
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more is not
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrows eyes, (seene,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward Soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrikke,

The Tragedie of

Bush. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)

Queene. Tis nothing lesse, Conceite is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so ;
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reversion that I doe posseesse :
But what it is, thar is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

Greene. God sauе your Maiestie, & well met gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo ? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope :
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not shipt ?

Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into deſpair an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with uplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Rauensburgh*.

Queene. Now God in heauen forbide.

Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true ; and that is worse :
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
The Lords of Roſſe, Beaumont, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.

Bush. Why haue you not proclaimid Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolting faction, traytours ?

Greene. We haue, wherevpon the Earle of Worcester,
Hath broke his Staffe, resignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbrooke*

Queene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke*, my ſorrowes diſmall heire :
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.

Bush. Dispaire not Madam.

Queene. Who ſhall hinder me ?
I will dispaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A parafite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

Richard the Second.

Who gently would dissolute the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremitie.

Greene. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Queene. With signes of Warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull busynesse are his lookes:
Vnkle, for Gods sake speake comfortable words.

Yorke. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and grieve.
Your Husband he is gone to saue farre off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfeit made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flattered him.

Seruing. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came,

Yorke. He was, why so ; go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herfords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Glocester,
Bid her send me presently a thousand Pound,
Hold take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship,
To day I came by and called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Yorke. What iſt knaue.

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse died.

Yorke. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woefull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut of my head with my brothers.
What, are there two Posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we doe for money for these Warres ?
Come Sister, Coosin I would say ; pray pardon me :
Goefellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts.
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you goe muster men ?

The Tragedie of

If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleue mee : both are my kinsmen ;
T'one is my Souerainge, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend : t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe : come Coofin,
Ile dispose of you & Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly.
I shold to Plashie too, but time will not permit :
All is vneuen, and every thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene : manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But noner returns. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their Purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd,

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Excepr like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces :
Will you goe along with vs ?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie :
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thrives to beat backe Bullingbrooke

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flee :
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

Richard the Second.

Bush. Well, we may meeke againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleue me noble Lord,

I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,

These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,

Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,

And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:

But I bethinke me what a wearie way,

From Rauensburgh to Cotshall will be found,

In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,

Which I protest hath very much beguild

The tediousnesse and processe of my trauell:

But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue

The present benefitte that I possesse,

And hope to ioy is little leesse in ioy,

Then hope inioyed: by this the wearie Lords

Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,

By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bul. Of much leesse value is my compahy,

Then your good words. But who comes heere?

Enter Harry Percie.

North. It is my sonne, young *Harrie Persie*,

Sent from my brother Worcester whensoeuer:

Harry, how fares your Vnkle?

(of you

Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North. Why? is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,

Broken his staffe of office, and dispersel

The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolu'd,

When last we spake together.

H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitour,

But he my Lord, is gone to Rauensburgh,

To offer seruice to the Duke of *Herford*,

And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

The Tragedie of

What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy?

H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. P. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desart.

Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule rememb'ring my good friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturre
Keepes good old Yorke therewith his men of Warre?

H. P. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard:
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None else of name and noble estimation.

Nor. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with hast.

Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues.
A banisht Traitor: all my treasurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

Wil. And farresurmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes heere?

Nor. It is my Lord of Barkley; as I guesse.

Barck. My Lord of *Herford*, my message is to you.

Bul. My Lord, my answere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And.

Richard the Second.

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Bark. Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning
To race one title of your honour out :
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our natvie peace with selfe-borne Armes?

Bul. I shall not need ttansport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in person : My noble Vnckle !

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.

Bul. My grac ious Vnckle !

Yorke. Tut, tut, gracie me no grace, nor Vnckle me no
I am no traitours Vnckle; and that word Grace (Vnckle,
In anvngrecions mouth, is but prophane :
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a dust of Englands ground ?
But more then why ? Why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Fryting her pale-sacde Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes ?
Comst thou because th'annoyncted King is hence ?
Why foolish boy, the King is left behind ,
And in my loyall bosome lies his power :
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy Father, and thy selfe,
Rescued the Blacke Prince that young Mars of men,
From foorth the rancks of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault !

Bul. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

Yorke. Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

The Tragedie of

Before the Expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.

Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:

And noble Vnkle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my Father, or me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then Father,

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd

A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Arnes perforce, and giuen away

To Vpstart Vnthriffts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Coosin King, be King of England,

It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:

You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Coosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,

He shoulde haue found his Vnkle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouze his wrongs, and chale them to the Bay..

I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,

And yet my letters patents giue me leauue.

My fathers goods are all distrai'd and sold,

And these, and all, are all amisse employed.

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Attornies are denide me,

And therefore personally I lay my claime.

To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abusde.

Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;

I haue had feeling of my Coosins wrongs,

And laboured all I could to do him right;

But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,

Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way;

To find out right with wrong, it may not be:

And you that do abette him in this kind,

Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is.

But

Richard the Second.

But for his owne ; and for the Right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde :
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.

Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes ;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left :
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of the King :
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter ; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bul. An offer Vnkle that we will accept,
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complices,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth ;
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke. It may be I will go with you, but yet ile pause,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes :
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Earle of of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of *Salisburie*, we haue staide ten daies,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues : farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heaven :
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.

The other to enjoy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kings,
Farewell, our Countrimen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead.

Sal. Ah Richard! with eies of heauie mind,
I see thy glorie like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest :
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter the Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland,
Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bul. Bring foorth these men.
Bushie and Greene, I will not vexe your soules
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious lives,
For t'were no charitie ; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the profession of a Royall bed,
And staind the beautie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your soule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neeere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniurie,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my segnories,
Dissparkt my Parkes, and feld my forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my housshould coate,
Ract out my imprese, leauing me no signe,

Richard the Second.

Sauie mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death : see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England* : Lords farewell.

Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatcht :
Vnkle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairelie let her be entreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends ;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle *Vnkle* :) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
Awhile to worke, and after holiday.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlile, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yeamy Lord ; how brook's your Grace the ayre:
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas ?

King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels mound thee with their Horses hoofes :
As along partedmother with her Child,
Plaies fondlie with her teares, and smiles in meeting :
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royll hands,
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rauenous fense,
But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauie gated Toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee :

Yeelds.

The Tragedie of

Yeeld stinging nettles to mine enemies :
And when they from my bosome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies :
Mocke not my sensesse coniuration Lords :
This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones
Prooue armed Souldiers ere her native King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you King in spite of all ;
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuse.
The pooffered meanes of succours and redresse.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our securitie,
Groves strong and great in substance and in power.

King. Discomfortable Coosin, knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theues and robbers range abroade vnseene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloodie heere,
But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole ;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sinnes,
The cloake of night being plukt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues :
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke* ;
Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
Whilst we were wahdring with the Antipods,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinnes
Not all the Water in the rough rude Seā,
Can wash the balme off from an annoynted King.

The

Richard the Second.

The breath of worldly men can cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest
To lift shrewd Steele against our golden Crowne,
God for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salisb.

King. Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?
Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord:
Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lord
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune, and thy state:
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled. (pale)

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why lookes your Grace so
King. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that will be safe, flie from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my selfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maiestie thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnkle *Yorke* (here)
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happiness betide my Liege,

The Tragedie of

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuier him.

King. Mine care is open, and my heart prepard,
The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold.
Say, is my kingdome lost? Why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?

Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as wee?

Greater he shall not be: if he serue God,
Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so.

Reuolt our Subiects? that we cannot mend,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:

Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worit is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To beare the tidings of calamitie,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the siluer Riuers drown their showers,
As if the world were all dissolud to teares,
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull land
With hard bright steele, aud hearts harder then steele?
White beards haue arm'd their thinne and hairelesse scalps
Against thy Majestie; and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwieldy armes, against thy Crowne,
Thy very beads-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe against thy state,
Yeadistasse women, mariage rustie billes:
Against thy seate both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King. To well, to well thou telst a tale so ill,
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.

King. Oh Villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs

Richard the Second.

Dogs easily wonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart blood warmd, that sting my heart;
Three Iudasess, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hell
Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this.

Scro. Sweete Ioue's (I see) changing : his property
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadlie hate.

Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made
With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, & the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Scro. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Au. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where, of comfort no man speake.

Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphis,

Make dust our paper, and with rainie eyes

Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.

Letschoose Executors and talke of wils:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,

Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,

And nothing can we call our owne, but death,

And that small modell of the barren earth,

Which serues as past and couer to our bones.

For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground?

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,

How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in warre,

Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,

Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,

All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall temples of a King,

Keepes death his Court, and there the antique sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little sceane,

To Monarchise, be feard, and kill with lookes,

Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this flesh which walles about our life,

The Tragedie of

Were Brasse impregnable : and humord thus,
Comes at the lait, and with a little pin
Bores through his Castle walles, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mocke not flesh and blood,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Tast grieve , need friends : subiected thus,
How can you say to mee, I am a King ?

Carl. My Lord, Wise-men ne're sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the waiies to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe :
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight :
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Anm. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme,

King. Thou chidst me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome :
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.

Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vnkle with his power ?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye :
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :
Your Vnkle *Torke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast sayd enough :
Beshrew thee Coosin which didst lead me foorth

Richard the Second.

Of that sweet way I was in to dispaire.
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Go to Flint Castle, there ile pine away,
A King woes slau, shall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue; discharge, and let them go
To eare the Land that hath some hope to grow;
For I haue none; let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to *Bullingbrookes faire day*.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are dispearst, and *Salisbury* is
Is gone to meeete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke. It wold beseeme the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say, King *Richard*, alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King, should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be briefe,
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, should you hane bin so briefe with
He would haue bin so briefe to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bul. Mistake not (Vnkle) further then you should.

Yorke. Take not (good Coosin) further then you should
Least you mistake the heauens are ouer your heads.

Bul. I know it Vnkle, and oppose not my sefe.
Against their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percy.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Castle yeeld?

Hen. Per. The Castle is Royally mard my Lord.
Against thy entrance.

The Tragedie of

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies

With the limits of yon lime and stone,

And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,

Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Cleargie man

Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleile.

Bul. Noble Lords, Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.

H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kisse king Richards hand:
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his Royall person: hither come I
Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:

Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely graunted;
If not, ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,

Raind from the wounds of slaughtered Englinshmen.
The which, how far off from themind of Bullingbrooke

It is, such chrimson tempest should be drencht,
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My stooping dutie tenderlie shall shew.
Go signifie as much, while here we march

Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine,
Lets march without the noyse of threatening drumme,

That from this Castles tattered battlements,
Our faire appointments may be well perusd.

Me thinks King Richard and my selfe should meeete
With no leise terour then the Elements

Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,
At meeting tearest the cloudy cheekes of heauen.

Be he the Fire, He be the yeelding Water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne

My Water's on the earth, and not on him:
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The

The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walles,
 Bull. See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appear,
 As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
 From out the fierie portall of the East,
 When he perceiues the eniuious clouds are bent.
 To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
 As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
 Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,
 That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
 To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King;
 And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
 To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?
 If we be not, shew vs the hand of God,
 That hath dismissit vs from our Stewardship:
 For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
 Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or usurpe:
 And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
 Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends:
 Yet know, my Maister God omnipotent,
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalfe,
 Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
 Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
 That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
 And threat the glorie of my precious Crowne.
 Tell Bullingbrooke (for yon me thinks he stands)
 That euerie stride he makes vpon my land,
 Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
 The purple Testament of bleeding Warre:
 But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
 Change the complexion of Mayd-pale peace,

The Tragedie of

To scarlet indignation, and bedeaw

Our pastors graffe with faithfull English blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid, our Lord the king
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Coosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your royll Grandsires bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods
Carrents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of Warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy Royll partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie.
This sweares he, as he is a Prince iust :
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

King. Northumberland, say thus : the King returns
His noble Coosin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds
Shall be accomplishit without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast ;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commands :
We doe debase our selues (Coosin) do wee not ?
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire ?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the Traitor, and so die ?

Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords.

King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off againe,
With words of sooth ! Oh that I were as great,

Richard the Second.

As is my griefe, or lesser then my name !
Or that I could forget what I haue been !
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since foes haue scope to beat both thee and mee.

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke.

King. What must the King do now? must he submit?

The King shall do it : Must he be deposde ?
The King shall be contented : Must he loose
The name of a King ? a Gods name let it goe :
Ile giue my jewels for a set of Beades :

My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:

My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne:

My figurde Goblets, for a dish of Wood :

My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints :

And my large Kingdome, for a little Craue;

A little little Graue, an obscure Graue,

Or, ile be buried in the Kings hie way,

Some way of common trade, where subiects feete,

May hourelly trample on their Soueraignes head ;

For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue :

And buried once, why not vpon my head ?

Aumerle, thou weepelt (my tender-hearted Coſin)

Weele make foule weather with despised teares ;

Our sighes, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,

And make a dearth in this reuolting land :

Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,

And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,

Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues

Within the earth : and therein layde ; their lies

Two kinſmen dig'd their Graues with weeping eyes ?

Would not this ill doe well ? well well I ſee,

I talke but idly, and you laugh at mee.

Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,

What ſayes King Bullingbrooke, will his Maieſtie

Giue Richard leauue to liue till Richard die ?

The Tragedie of

You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.

North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you : may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of vnruley lades.

In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors calles, and do them grace;
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King
For night-owles shreekewhere mounting larks should sing

Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?

North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantickeman:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *He kneeleth downe.*
My gracious Lord.

King. Faire Coosin you debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Merather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Coosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low!

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Vnkle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards London, Coosin is it so?

Bull. Ye amy good Lord.

King. Then I must not say no.

Exeunt.
ELOW.

Richard the Second.

Enter the Quenne with her attendants.

Que. What sport shal we devise heere in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?

Lady. Madam weeble play at bowles.

Que. Twill make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the bias.

Lady. Madam weeble daunce.

Que. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport.

Lady. Madam weeble tell tales,

Que. Off sorrow or of griefe?

Lady. Of either Madam.

Que. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether sadd,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complainc.

Lady. Madam ile sing.

Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

Lady. I could weepe Madam, would it do you good.

Que. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borow any teare of thee.

But stay, heere commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euery one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe,

Enter Gardiners.

Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,
Which like vnruley children make their fire
Stoope with opptession of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs.
Goe thou, and like an executioner

The Tragedie of

Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth :
All must be euen in our gouernment.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.

Man. Why should we in the compaise of a Pale,
Keepē law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme estate,
Whēn our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes ; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffred this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Leafē :
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke* :
I meane the Earle of *Wiltshire*, *Bushie*, *Greene*.

Man. What, are they dead ?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seizd the wastfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And drest his Land ; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confoundit selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruities of duetie : superfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may line :
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposde ?
Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposde

Richard the Second.

Tis, doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorke,
That tell blacke tidinges.

Queen. Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likenes set to dresse this Garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What *Eue*? What *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (newes;
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say King *Richard* is deposde?
Darit thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downe fall? Say, where, when, and how
Camst thou by this ill tidinges? speake thou wretch?

Gard Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breath these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde.
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes, he wheighes King *Richard* downe.
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;
I speake no more then every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my ladd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit*

Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse.
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse,
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ile set a bancke of Rewsowre Hearbe-of-grace:

The Tragedie of

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene.

Exeunt.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call, foorth Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The Bloodie office of his timelesse end?

Enter Bagot.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bull. Cousin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vnsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Cousins death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,

What answeare shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,

On equall tearmes to give him chastricement?

Either I must, or haue mine Honour soylde

With the attainer of his flaunderous lips:

There is my gage, the manuell seale of death,

That markes the eout for Hell: thou liest,

And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,

In thy heart blood, though being all too base

To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I wculd he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooud meso.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathia,
There is my gage *Aumerle*, in gageto thine;

By

Richard the Second.

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloesters death:
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
And I will turne thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more reuengefull steele.
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forswone *Aumerle*,)
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answere twenty thousand such as you:

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in presene then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Sur. As falfe by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie, thou liest. (sword)

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge
Till thou the lie-giuuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy Fathers scull,
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

The Tragedie of

Fitz. How fondly dost thou sperre a forward horse.
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a Wildernesse,
And spitvpon him whilst I say he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes : there is my bond of Fayth,
To tie thee to my strong correction :
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Besides, I heare the banished *Norffolke* say :
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour ?

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder gage ,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he shall be ,
And Though mine enemie, restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Signories : when he is return'd ,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.

Carl. That honorable day shall neuuer be seene :
Many a time hath banisht *Norfolke* fought
For Iesus Christ, in glorious Christian field ,
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian crosse ,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens ,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gau
His Body to a pleasant countries earth ,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ ,
Vnder whose colours he had fought so long .

Bull. Why Bishop, is *Norffolke* dead ?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peece conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good old Abraham : Lords appellants ,
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage ,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke,

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee ,

From

Richard the Second.

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy roiall hand:
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.

Bul. In Gods name, Ile ascend the Regall throne.

Carl. Mary God forbid.

Worſt in this Royall preſence I may ſpeakē :
Yet beſteeming me to ſpeakē the truthe :
Would God any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Judge
Of noble *Richard*: Then true noblenelſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong.
What ſubieſt can giue ſentence on his King ?
And who ſits heere that is not *Richards* ſubieſt ?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparent guilt be ſeenē in them :
And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
His Captaine, Steward, deputie, elect,
Annoynted, crowned, planted many yeares,
Be iudg'd by ſubieſt and inferior breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent ? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Christian Climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo hainous blacke obſcene a deede.
I ſpeakē to ſubieſts, and a ſubieſt ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitor to proud *Herefords* King,
And if you Crowne him, let me prophesie,
The blood of English ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound :
Disorder, horror, feare and mutinie,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald
The field of Golgotha and dead mens ſkulſ.

H

Oh

Oh if you raise this house against his house,
It will the wofullest diuision prooue,
That euer fell vpon this cursed earth:
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Least child, child's children crie against you woe.

North. Well haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treason, we arrest you here:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely till his day of triall.
May it please you Lords, to graunt the common suite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender, so we shall proceed without suspition.

Yorke. I will be his conduct.

Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your daies of answeare;
Little are we beholding to your loue.
And little looke for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard

Rich. Alack why am I sent for to a King,
Before I haue shooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bendl my limbes?
Giue sorrow leauue a while to tutor me to this submission:
Yet I well remember the fauours of these men,
Were they not mine? did they not sometimes crie al haile
To me? so *Iudas* did to *Christ*; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thousand none:
God sauе the King, will no man say Amen:
Am I both Priest and Clarke; well then, Amen.
God sauë the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what seruice am I sent for hither:

Yorke. To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired Maiestie did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Seaze the Crowne.

Heere Coosin, on this side my hand, & on that side yours:
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnfene, and full of Water :
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilst you mount vp on high.

Bul. I thought you had been willing to resigne?

Ric. My Crowne I am, but still my grieves are mine :
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes, still am I King of those.

Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crown.

Rich. Your cares set yp, do not plucke my cares down:
My care is losse of care, by old care done,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won :
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay.

Bul. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no no I ; for, I must nothing bee,
Therefore no no, for I resigne to thee,
Now marke me how I will vndoe my selfe :
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart :
With mine owne teares I wash away my balme,
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne tongue denie my sacred state,
With mine owne breath release all duties rites,
All pompe and Maiestie I doe forswearre,
My Mannors, Rents, Reuenewes I forgoe,
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie :
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that swere to thee :
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieve,
And thou with all pleasd, that hast all atchievd :
Long mayst thou liue in Richards seat to sit,
And soone lie Richard in an earthly pit :

The Tragedie of

God sau King Harry vnkingd Richard saies,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shines daies.
What more remaines?

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grieuous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profite of this Land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My Weaud vp. Folly, gentle Northumberland?
If thy offences were vpon record, Q
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldest thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the depositing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednelle doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with Pilate) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuerner me to my sowre Croise,
And water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traitor with the rest;
For I haue giuen here my soules consent
To vndeckethe pompous body of a King;
Made glorie bace, and Soueraigntie a slauie;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.

North. My Lord,

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis usurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my selfe,
Or that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good;
And if my name be starling, yet in England
Let it command a mirrour hither straite
That it may shew me whata face I haue,
Since it is banckrount of his Maiestie.

Bul. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glaſſe.

North. Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou tormentes me ere I come to Hell.

Bul. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied,

Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,

When I doe see the very Booke indeed.

Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe,

Giue me the glasse: no deeper wrinkles yet?

Hath sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this

Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?

Oh flattering Glasse, like to my flollowers in prosperitie!

Was this the face that every day vnder his

Houſhold rooſe did keepe ten thouſand men?

Was this the face that faaſt ſo many follies,

And was at laſt outfaaſt by *Bullingbrooke*?

A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,

As brittle as the Glorie is the face,

For there it is crackt in a hundred ſhiuers:

Marke ſilent King the morall of this ſpor,

How ſoone my ſorrow hath deſtroyd my face.

Bul. The shadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroyd

The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my ſorrow;

Halets ſee: tis very true, my griefe

The Tragedie of

Lies all within, and these externall manners
Of laments are merely shadowes to the vnsene,
Griefe that swells with silence in the tortured soule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giuest
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Bul. Name it faire Coosin.

Rich. Faire Coose, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but subiects
Being now a subiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue it?

Bul. You shall.

Rich. Why then giue me leauue to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bul. Goe some of you conuay him to the tower.

Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bul. On Wednesday next we solemnely set downe,
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selues.

Exeunt. Manet West. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergiemen, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my mind heerein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intent, but also to effect
What euer I shall happen to devise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eies of teares;
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Queene, with her attendants.

Queene. This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cesars* ill erected Tower.
To whose flint bosome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a Prisoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Hauе any resting for her true Kings Qneene.

Enter Richard.

But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,
My faire Rose wither : yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pitti may dissolute to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell where old *Troy* did stand !
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toomb:
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouse guest ?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this : I am sworne (brother sweete)
To grimme Necessitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyster thee in some religious house :
Our holy liues must winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here, haue thrown downe.

Queene. What is my *Richard* both in shape and mind,
Transformd and weakned ? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Deposd thine intellect ? hath he been in thy heart ?
The Lyon dying thrusteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To be o'repowerd; and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of beasts?

King. A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beast,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takest
As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue.
In winters tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the sencelesse brands will sympathy
The heauy accent of thy moouing tongue,
And in compassion weepe the fire out;
And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changd,
You must to *Pomfret*, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all swift speed you must away to *France*.

King. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my throne.
The time shall not be many houres of age
Morethen it is, ere foule sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall thinke, that thou which knowst the way
To plant vnrighfull Kings, will know againe,
Beeing nere so little vrgd another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vsurped thone,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy danger and deserued death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part foorthwith.

King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate

Richard the Second.

A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisse it was made,
Part vs Northumberland, I towards the North,
Where shiuering cold and sickenesse pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence set foorth in pompe,
She came adorneed hither, like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

Queen. And must we be deuided? must we part?

King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart

Queen. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

King. That were some loue, but little policie.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;

Weepe for me in France, I for thee here,

Better farre off then neere be neare the neere;

Goe count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queen. So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

King. Twise for one step Ile gtonce, the way being short,

And peece the way out with a heauie heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow lets be briefe,

Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe:

One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,

Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,

To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.

So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,

That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Duchesse.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,

When weeping made you breake the story,

Of our two Coosins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leave off? I will shortly

Dut. At that sad stopp my Lord,

The Tragedie of

Wher erude misgouert ad hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Torke. Then (as I said) the Duke great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cri'd, God save the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcom *Bullingbrooke*,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespeak them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Duc. Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the whilst?

Torke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle *Richard*, no man cried God save him:
No ioyfull tongue gaide him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combatting with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience;
That had not God for some strong purpose steld,
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pitied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke* are we sworne subject now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duc. Heere comes my Iohne Autmerle. (Enter *Sam.*)

Torke.

Richard the Second.

Yorke. Aumerle that was, But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Paliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.

Aum. Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? do these iusts & triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.

Yorke. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writting.

Aum. My Lord tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who see it, I will be satisifed
I will be satisifed, let mee see the writting.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What shold you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole;
Boy, let me see the writting.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke. I will be satisifed, let mee see it, I say:

He pluckes it out of his bosome, and reads it.

Treason, foule treason: villaine, traytor, slatte,

Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse:

God for his mercy ! what Trechery is heere ?

Du. Why, what is it my Lord?

Torke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my Life, my troth,
I will impeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter ?

Torke. Peace folish woman.

Dure. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle ?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answeare.

Duch Thy life answeare ?

Torke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

His man enters with his bootes.

Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine never more come in my sight.

Torke. Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why Yorke, what wile thou do ?
Wilt not thou hide the trespass of thine owne ?
Haue we more sonnes ? or are we like to haue ?
Is not my teeming date drunke v.p with time ?
And wilst thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age ,
And robbe me of a happie mothers name ?
Is he not like thee ? is he not thine owne ?

Torke. Thou fond madwoman ,
Wilst thou conceale this darke conspiracie ?
A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament ,
And interchangeably set downe their hands ,
To kill the King at Oxford .

Du. He shall be none , weeke keepe him heere ,
Then what is that to him ?

Tor. Away fond woman , were he twenty times my son ,
I would impeach him .

Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done ,
Thou wouldest be more pitifull :
But now I know thy mind , thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed ,
And that he is a bastard , not thy sonne :

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way vnruly woman.

Exit.

Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

Enter the King with his Nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnhristie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did se him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to god my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he dayly doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.

H. Per. My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince
And told him of those triumphis held at Oxford.

King. And what said the Gallant?

Percie. His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May hapily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly)
King H. What meanes our coosin that he stares & looke-

The Tragedie of

Aum. God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiestie,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

King. Withdraw your selues, and leauue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Coosin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth;
My tongue cleave to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leauue that I may turne the Key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King. Haue thy desire.

The Duke of Yorke knockes at the doore and tryeth.

Yorke. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou haft a Traitor in thy presence there.

King. Villaine, ile make thee safe.

An. Stay thy retiengefull hand, thou haft no cause to feare

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

King. What is the matter vncle, speake, recover breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?

Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my hast forbids me shew.

An. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repente me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and nos loue, begets his penitence:
Forgetto pitty him, leſt thy pitty prooue
A serpent, that will sting thee to thee heart.

King. O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracie!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonnet
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

Richard the Second.

From whence this streme through muddie passages
Hath hald his current, and defilde himselfe;
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue, be his Vices baude,
And he shall spend mine honor, with his shame,
As thrifles Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold :
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shande life in his dishonor lies :
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutch. What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in,

King. What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry?

Dut. A woman, and thy Aunt (great King) tis I,
Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begd before.

King. Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous Coofin, let your Mother in,
I know she is come, to pray for your foule sinne.

Yorke. If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may :
This festred ioynt cut off, therest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Dut. Oh King, beleue not this hard-harted man :
Love louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yorke. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?

Dut. Sweete Yorke be patient; heare me gentle Liege,

King H. Rise vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet Ithee beseech,
For ever will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy ; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

A. Vnto my mothers praiers I bend my knec;

Yorke.

The Tragedie of

Yorke. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill mayst thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.

Dutc. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast;
He prayes but faintly, and would bedenide,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrysie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dutc. Nay, doe not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach the how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.

Yorke. Speake it in French, King say, *Pardonne moy.*

Dutc. Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:
Ah my sowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand:
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may moue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dutch. I doe not suet to stand;
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

King. I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Dutc. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee,

Yet

Richard the Second.

Yet ana I sicke for feare, speake it againe;
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon strong,

King. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

King. But for our trustie brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,
Good Vnkle, helpe to order seuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnkle farewell, and coosin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Dutc. Come my old sonne, I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton, &c.

Exton. Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake,
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man. These were his very words.

Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

Man. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue been studying how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule,
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;

K

And

The Tragedie of

And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world :
For no thought is contented : the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word is selfe
Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To thread the small posterne of a small needles eye :
Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
Vnlikelie wonders : how these vaine weake nayles
May teare a passage thorow the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles :
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars ;
Who sitting in the Stockes, refnuge their shame,
That many haue, and others must sit there,
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde thelike.
Thus play I in one Prison many people,
And none contented ; sometimes am I a King,
Then T reasons make me wish my selfe a Begger,
And so I am : then crushing Penurie
Perswades me I was better when a King ;
Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkngd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing, shall be pleasede, till he be easde
With being nothing Musick do I heare ; *Musicks plaiies.*
Ha,ha, keepe time ; how lowre sweete Musick is
When Time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the musicke of mens liues :
And heere haue I the daintinesse of care
To checke Time broke in disordered string:

But

But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke:
I walted Time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarde,
There watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what howre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: so sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes postng on in *Bullingbrooks* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke:
This Musick maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it hath holp madde mento their wits,
In me it seemes it will make wise men madde.
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,
For tis a signe of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haile royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks noble Peere:

The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how commest thou hither,
Where no man euer comes but that sad Dogge,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leau'e
To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudlie, as if he disdaind the ground.

Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Was borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrde by launcing *Bullingbrooke*.

Keeper. Fellow glue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Tast of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary

Rich. The Deuill take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderer rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Heere Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy feate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of Royall blood:
Both haue I spild; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Deuill that told me I did well,

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
 This dead King to the liuing King ile beare,
 Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere.

Exit.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.

King. Kind Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
 Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
 Our towne Ciceter in Gloucestershire:
 But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
 Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness;
 The next newes is, I haue to London sent
 The heads of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
 The manner of their taking may appeare
 At large discoursed in this paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
 And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
 The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
 Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
 Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie.

Per. The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
 With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
 Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
 But here is Carleil liuing, to abide
 Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King. Carleil, this is your doome,
 Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome
 More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,
 So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
 For though mine enemie thou hast euer been,
 High sparkes of Honour in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare : heerein all breathlesslies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

King. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deepe of slaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed

King. They loue not poysen, that do poyson need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wish him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princelie fauour :
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come mourne with me, for what I doclament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent :
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guiltie hand.
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.





